

Look! The sky  
is bending  
around the colors left  
behind the retreating sun.  
Smoldering dusk  
fills the western edge  
of vision  
like dreams  
like forgiveness  
like self-love.  
Shrill calls  
of locusts beat  
within the heart  
of hearing  
as if the last warm  
milky clouds were  
singing their goodnights.

Look! The sky has  
turned to diamonds  
blacker than a  
resurrected faith,  
its comet-scarred face  
mild and benign  
and indifferent  
by turns.  
Sighing night caresses  
your upturned gaze  
like a grand mother  
stroking the blanketed form  
of a new born child.

Look! The sky is a door  
to a heaven crafted  
for your delight  
by a loving creator  
who watches fondly  
as you wend through dark fields  
knowing perfectly well  
you will always  
find your way.